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THE CAUSE OF IT.

PUCK (to G. A. R. Veteran). — You must expect to have your organization in bad odor just as long as you let that fellow wear your uniform and manipulate you.



WOULD FACILITATE MATTERS.

G. WASHINGTON FISHER. — Golly! I wish he'd bite like dat ag'n! It kem so suddint I lost him!

THE FAITHFUL DOG (*sympathetically*). — It's a pity they don't bark before they bite.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

"Dewey has shown foresight in refusing the gift of a home."

"Yes; he knew every man, woman and child who gave ten cents towards it would expect to sit on the piazza whenever they wanted to."

THE NEXT DAY.

It is now the next day.

"Dreyfus? Dreyfus? Who is it that it is that this Dreyfus is?" exclaims François.

"He it is," replies Pierre, "who says Hamlet was fat. Or is it he who says Hamlet was not fat? In any event, parbleu!"

One thing is certain: a crisis impends.

MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

"Cook is talking about leaving, Henry."

"Gracious! — don't let that happen! Tell her I'm going to buy her an automobile in a few days!"

A PERPETUATED CEREMONY.

"Mayme, you did n't go to Maud's wedding?"

"No; — it was too hot; but I've seen it in the biograph."



AN ENTHUSIAST.

"Gray thinks a man is never too old to play golf."

"No?"

"No. He says if he had one foot in the grave he'd have the other on the links."

IT IS SOME CONSOLATION.

That the electric car is the poor man's automobile.

That the mosquito is no respecter of riches.

That the price of the rod does not determine the weight of the fish.

That riding a bicycle is healthier exercise than driving a four-in-hand.

That I can get just as tanned at Wayback Centre as you can at Tuxedo.

That if a sailboat is n't as big as a yacht it floats in the same water.

That the attic of a farmhouse is n't any hotter than the attic of a hotel, and it is nearer the ground in case of fire.

That if all of us girls can't play golf we all can wear pretty stockings and swing in hammocks.

That the grandest views are not always seen from the loftiest mountains and the prettiest beaches are not always those with the highest-priced hotels.

That the people who bathe at private beaches have to dip in the same old ocean with the rest of us.

Laura Harlan.

POET AND EDITOR.

The poet wrote to the editor, earnestly:

"My future is in your hands!"

To which the editor, in the fullness of time, replied:

"We have read your future and regret to find it unavailable for our uses. We accordingly return it."

EXACTLY.

BRIGGS. — I wonder why Gilderspin is advertising his hotel as a temperance house?

GRIGGS. — It's cheaper. He does n't have to pay any license.

HIS WAY.

SELDUM FEDD. — What are you lookin' for work for?

SOILED SPOONER. — Aw, jes' out of idle curiosity.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XII.

THE MAN BEFORE THE CAMERA.

A LUCRATIVE PROFESSION.

VISITOR (*in prison*). — I presume you found the business of counterfeiting very profitable?

COUNTERFEITER. — Oh, yes! I made all kinds of money while I was engaged in it.

THE TIME to argue with a man about the evil of smoking is when he has just put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth.



TRYING TO PLACE HER.

SUMMERBOY.—I have never loved before! I swear it!

SUMMERGIRL (at a venture).—What! Who was that girl you told the same thing to last week?

SUMMERBOY.—Why, er—what kind of a dress did she have on?

EBENEZER'S SAD FATE.

"I heard that old Uncle Ebenezer Weatherwax is dead," said Mr. Tenspot, who was entertaining a cousin from the country.

"Yes, the poor fellow is gone! He died of a broken heart."

"A broken heart at his age? Nonsense! He could not have been disappointed in love."

"No; he was not disappointed in love. I suppose that Ebenezer was never in love with anybody but himself, and he could scarcely be disappointed in that affection, knowing himself so well."

"Then how did he happen to die of a broken heart? Tell me that."

"He was a victim to the march of progress. I suppose that if things had gone on in the same old way, Ebenezer never would have died; but times changed and methods changed, and Ebenezer simply could not stand the altered conditions of affairs. To be explicit, it was rural postal delivery that killed him."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. For sixty years or more, ever since Ebenezer was a boy of twelve, as I have heard him say many a time, it was his custom to go to the post-office after the mail. There he would meet all the farmers and businessmen who received their letters at Harris's Corner's, and there the fate of the

nation would be settled regularly every morning at ten to half-past, while the men and boys were waiting for the mail to be distributed. Uncle Ebenezer eventually got to be dean of the corps of country savers, if I may use that term, for his views on township, county, state and national affairs were listened to with profound respect for at least twenty years. Well, last year the enterprising post-office department organized rural free delivery in the neighborhood of Harris's Corners, and as the mail was carried to the people by postmen, the citizens no longer gathered at the

office to wait for it and to listen to disquisitions on public affairs by Uncle Ebenezer. Old man Weatherwax inveighed strongly against the system to the few who clung to the old habit of going to the post-office; but when the postmaster said that he was not allowed to hand out mail except to transients, the blow was too much. Uncle Ebenezer loudly proclaimed that the country was going to the dogs. Much brooding over its solemn fate brought on an illness, and Uncle Ebenezer took to his bed and finally died—died of a broken heart, as I have said, the result of the march of progress."

William Henry Siviter.



MR. HIPPO (putting arm around wife).—And yet they tell us there is no waste in nature!

IT DOES N'T make Gen. Miles any more like Achilles to do his sulking in a circus tent with a brass-band.



A DANGEROUS LOCALITY.

MRS. HOMESPUN.—So this is Wall Street! Wonder which is J. Pierpont Morgan's office, and which is Russell Sage's?

MR. HOMESPUN.—Don't go to wondering, but keep a tight hold on your bundles! Them two men are liable to rush out at any minute and try to get 'em away from yer!

HE DID N'T BELIEVE IN IT.

"THE CASE of Dewey," said Witherby, "indicated perhaps better than any other illustration the character and temper of the American people. I declare, when I think of it all, I am almost ashamed of my own country."

"To what do you refer?" asked his friend, Von Blumer.

"I refer," said Witherby, "to the absurd and advanced species of hysteria which seems to possess my fellow-countrymen when even the name of this naval officer is mentioned. No one, I assure you, can more fully estimate and appreciate the services of this man more than I do; but to slop over in the way we are now doing is nothing short of a national disgrace. On one side are the yellow journals, thinking, of course, of nothing but their own interest, and raising a Dewey howl, and even the most sober-minded people on the other side seem to have caught the infection. When the poor man comes home, think of what awaits him! It is awful to contemplate. Brass bands, dinners, mass meetings, adulations—it is all sickening. Thank heaven that I for one am free from all this!"

"Then you are not going to celebrate Dewey's home-coming?" inquired Von Blumer.

Witherby brought his hand down on the table with a resounding whack.

"No, sir!" he shouted. "I have, of course, written for his autograph and photograph and asked him up to a quiet little meal at the club, and I shall also let off about one hundred-dollars'-worth of fire works and present him with a little scrap-book of the war I have had bound for him, but aside from this I shall do absolutely nothing!"

Tom Masson.

INTERNATIONAL RIVALRY.

WARWICK.—They say the relations between England and Germany are considerably strained.

WICKWIRE.—Yes; they got into a dispute over the question as to which was the friendliest to the United States.

BY THE SEA.

LAURA.—Nelly's bathing-suit must have been quite expensive?

MARGUERITE.—Yes; but she is a judicious buyer. No doubt she got her money's worth in quality if not in quantity.

IN HARLEM.

THE OPTIMIST.—The automobile may solve the problem of Rapid Transit. The automobile is only in its infancy—

THE PESSIMIST.—Yes; and the problem of Rapid Transit is old enough to be in its second childhood.

THE USUAL CONSOLATION.

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.—The diplomacy of the European Powers is entirely too much for me.

LI HUNG CHANG.—But, Your Majesty, it is not original. Diplomacy was invented by the Chinese B. C. 6672.

AS TO CHOLLY.

ADA.—He has more money than brains, has n't he?

CLARA.—Oh, yes! He is n't absolutely penniless.

DID N'T HELP HIM MUCH.

"Some of their newspapers are accused of giving you aid and comfort," said his friend.

Aguinaldo shook his head, sadly.

"It's a mistake," he replied; "especially about the comfort. Why, I can't tell you how long it is since I felt comfortable!"



THAT MUST BE IT.

"Aguinaldo does n't seem to be in a hurry for the olive branch."

"Perhaps the taste for olive branches, like the taste for olives, must be acquired."

A MAN OF MARK.

MADGE.—The latest arrival seems popular.

SALLY.—Yes; they say he out-Hobsons Hobson.

IF PROTECTION is the mother of Trusts, the manners of the latter must be very mortifying to her, at times.



THE PLEA THAT FAILED.

DROWSY DOPE (trying sentiment).—Your honor, "I aft hae run about the braes and pu'd the gowans fine!"

IRISH MAGISTRATE.—Tin dollars fer being a "golfer!"

EFFECTUAL INSPIRATION.

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THE POET.—Confound it all! How can a man be expected to write a Midwinter poem with the thermometer ninety-eight in the shade? I'll have to give it up; that's what I'll have to do!

THE POET'S WIFE.—O Homer! don't give up! We need the money. Wait; I have a plan by which you will be inspired to Midwinter thoughts!

FINESSE.

"Finesse!" exclaimed the other Chicago girl, animatedly. "Say! Why, there was the time she married that Marquis with so many blots on his escutcheon! Everybody knew all about him; there was no concealing the blots. What did she do? Why, when she had the escutcheon painted on her coach, she had all the blots put in! Every blessed blot! But she had them arranged so as to give the loveliest, swellest, polka-dot effect! Mister! But she's got finesse to burn!"

THE DE LA TANQUERS.

M. de la Tanquer and Mme.
Were divorced, though the canons forbme.
For his actions conveyed,
So the neighbors all said,
To one's mind the idea that he hme.



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A TRIBUTE FROM AN ADMIRER.

"J'ever hear him play de accorjeen?"

"No; but I heerd him play on a comb an' a piece of paper. Say! but he kin make a comb an' a piece o' paper talk!"



(As she completes the arrangements).—"There, Homer; see if that will work."

THE POET (ecstatically).—Eureka! Eureka!

"THE SUMMER-BOARDIN' GIRLS."

THEM Summer fellers who strut and prance
In loud plaid stockin's and knee-high pants,
With their cigarettes and their airs so free,
They hain't no partic'ler use to me;
Dunno why 't is that my breast they rile,
But, somehow er 'nother, they hain't my style;
But I'll stand in the sun till my old head whirls
To stare at the Summer-boardin' girls.

Soon 's ever the railroad brings 'em down,
Seems jest 's if a rainbow 'd struck the town,
And every nook in this dry, old place
Is lit by a rosy, laughin' face;
And when I look at 'em, fresh and fair,
With their purty gowns and their wavin' hair,
They kinder seem to my dim old eye
A glimpse of the years that 've long gone by.

They know it, too; and they love to say,
In a sort of a sweet and coxin' way,
"O Mister Hanks! could I have a drink?"
And if 't was a mile to the kitchen sink,
I swan I'd travel up there, yer know,
As fast as my rheumatiz could go,
And feel well paid if they thanked me when,
With dipper filled, I was back again.

It's, "Do help me find my golf-ball,
please,"
And down I flop on my stiff old knees,
And over the medder-grass I crawl
As slow as a snail on a cellar-wall.
I'm gray and homely and sixty-three,
But, silly as 't is, I'm glad to be,
For the sake of their own bright eyes and
curls,
A slave to the Summer-boardin' girls!
Joe Lincoln.



AN INSTANCE.

"Yes, indeed," said the Professor of Mathematics, "I've come to the conclusion that one can learn something from almost anybody."

"Just so," said the Professor of Natural History. "It is only a few days ago that a small boy of my acquaintance gave me a lot of information about lobsters."

ROWDYISM.

"Do men ever play golf in long trousers?"

"Yes; it is quite impossible wholly to eliminate rowdyism from the game, you know."

CHINA WAS formerly slow, but she has n't been since she started on the downward path.

PUCK.



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HE SURPRISED THE TALENT.

THE WARRIOR (*in Ancient Gaul*).—You think we can't lick Julius Caesar? Nonsense! I know he's whipped a few tribes, but the Druids say he'll be dead-easy for us!

THE PEASANT.—I know; but the Druids have n't been picking winners since Julius has been around!



TWO OLD KINGS.

h! the King of Kanoodledum
And the King of Kanoodledee,
They went to sea
In a jigamaree—
A full-rigged jigamaree.

And one king could n't steer
And the other, no more could he;
So they both upset
And they both got wet—
As wet as wet could be.

And one king could n't swim
And the other, he could n't, too;
So they had to float,
While their empty boat
Danced away o'er the sea so blue.

Then the King of Kanoodledum
He turned a trifle pale,
And so did he
Of Kanoodledee,
But they saw a passing sail!

And one king screamed like fun
And the other king screeched like mad,
And a boat was lowered
And took them aboard;
And, My! but those kings were glad!

Carolyn Wells.



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AN INQUIRY.

"Of course, she's got real hair!"

"Then why don't she cry when she gets it brushed?"



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UNWORTHY OF THE NAME.

"Had n't we better stop?" asked the kangaroo, nervously.

"For a cop on foot?" sneered the elephant. "And you call yourself a scorcher!"



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, August 9, 1899.—No. 1170.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE G. A. R.'S DISGRACE. SLOWLY BUT with increasing momentum the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic is sinking in the public estimation. The day is not distant when one of three things must be: either the self-respecting veterans of the civil war must leave the order in a body; or they must expel those who bring disgrace upon it; or its members alike must consent to have the order treated as a public enemy. That it is generally regarded now as a band of looters, with no vestige of patriotism in it, is not to be denied. Yet there are presumably honest men within the order who not unnaturally resent this view. It is these honest men who must either purge the order or get out of it. It is the fault of their tolerance that the Grand Army of the Republic is in disrepute to-day. The history of our pension legislation and the attitude of this body toward it is one of scandal and shame. Most of the harm can not be undone, but the attitude of the order must change radically if it is to keep above universal contempt. There is some doubt as to whether there is any appreciable decency left in this organization; if it has not been wholly turned over to the machinations of the pension sharks. There is an excellent chance for honest veterans to disprove this, if it be possible to disprove it. A G. A. R. post at Spring Hill, Kansas, the other day broke the record for indecency. It adopted a formal resolution declaring that in the Post's opinion "it is just and proper to invoke a just God to remove a President that retains H. Clay Evans as Pension Commissioner." Should the Grand Army of the Republic allow this criminal resolution to go unpunished we fail to see how it can hereafter raise its head to any criticism.

THE SEXLESS CITIZEN. THE HYPHENATED American continues to be the star freak in our political museum. Nothing quite so weird has been unearthed in a long time. He is occupied in demonstrating the possibilities of ambidextrous citizenship and he does it clumsily enough. His theory is engaging but his practice is woful. He may think he can be two things at once, but as soon as he tries to be them he is snagged. He may vote United States but he thinks—he is—Irish or German or French or whatever it may be. Our Irish and German friends have been giving conspicuous illustrations of this lately. Incidentally they have made themselves ridiculous. There is nothing funnier than the assumption of these clans that they know vastly more about our foreign relations, especially the secret side of them, than a mere American-American possibly can. The Irish-Americans would have us believe that they alone are fully cognizant of the villainy of Great Britain and the wickedness of her intentions toward us. The German-Americans are indignantly positive that no mere unqualified American has the least right to any opinion on the subject of Germany's attitude toward us, or Great Britain's either. The clinching certainty with which they expound Americanism to Americans would be always funny if it were not frequently mischievous. There is the trouble. For, when it is mischievous, it reacts upon these facing-both-ways monstrosities and causes them acute discomfort. They are perpetually pushed, either forward to the new allegiance or back to the old, and there is no peace in it. If you are a half an American the country can stand you much better than you can stand yourself. You will not find a half satisfaction in either half nor a whole satisfaction in both. You have got to be both halves of an American to get any comfort out of your citizenship. You can no more stop midway than a polliwog may halt halfway in its evolution to frogship.

Ingersoll was a big, brave, warm-hearted poet. In so much he was common to the world and to all time. But he was peculiarly the product of his own country and his own day in the possession of a certain rugged independence of mind coupled with a strong, ready sense of humor, a combination that is, we think, a characteristic growth from the conditions

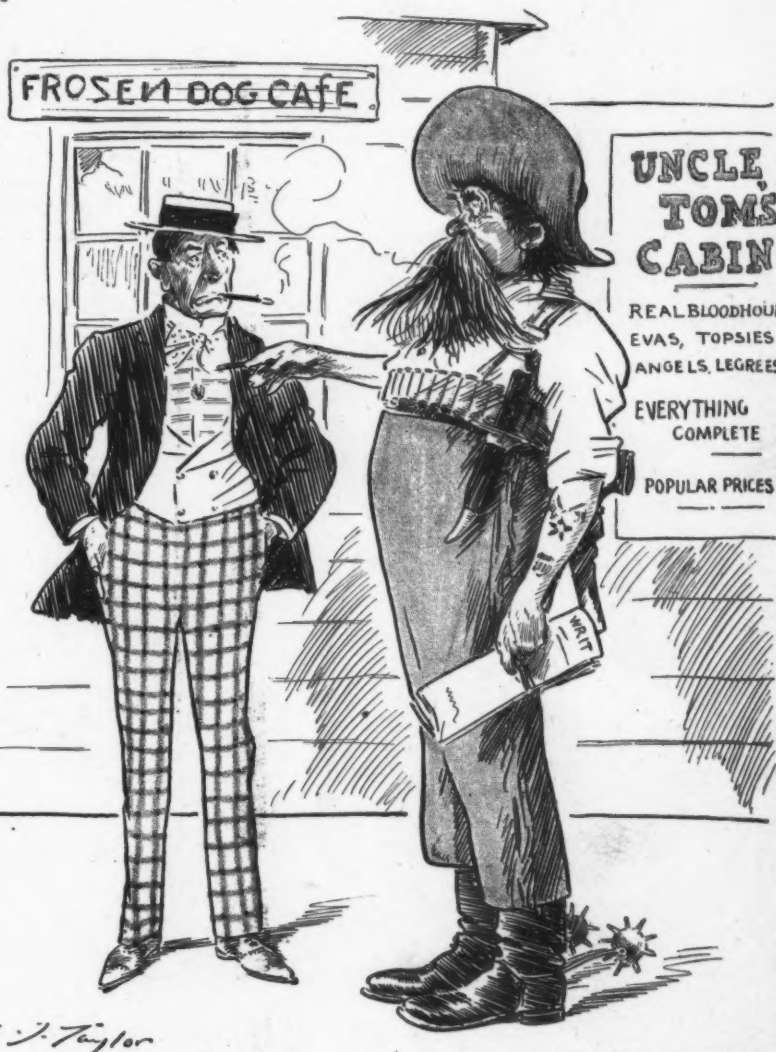
of American life. Most quickly felt in him was his quality of humanness, his quick sympathy with the wronged, whether by men or by conditions. It was this that fired him, that would not let him rest while there was error to be pulled down, or what seemed error to his full-blooded, generous instincts. There has been so marked a change in religious belief since he began his work that it is hard now to realize the courage his task first required. Of late years the novelty had gone out of much that he said, for the reason that ministers within the church have come to say very much the same things; the difference being that they say them as the result of scholarly research while he said them from an intensely passionate intuition, the fruit of a kind heart that could not accept an alleged God's inhumanity to man. But it should be remembered to his everlasting credit that he said these things when it took courage of the highest order to say them, when religious authority had but a comparatively little while ceased to provide for disbelievers in hell-fire a very colorable imitation of it right here on earth. What part he really did in the great work of humanizing the Christian religion no one, of course, may say. Yet it must have been very great. It was often said in criticism of him that he tore down and did not build up; and while this was true in bare fact it was untrue in effect. For the man who can tear down our error quite justifies himself. No one ever lost a superstition without thereby gaining a truth. He left work to be done; nevertheless he should be reckoned as much a builder as any foundation layer. The country is in a good way when it can grow such men.

NOTHING BUT SOLOS.

WARWICK.—What's become of the "Concert of Europe?" We don't read of it any more.

WICKWIRE.—Oh! it started out to tour China, and the members got into a squabble as to which should be the orchestra leader, split up, and each went to working up dates for himself.

IT WOULD be odd if the Anglo-Saxon alliance should have to begin operations by thrashing Canada.



NOTHING INDISCRIMINATE.

MANAGER (Uncle Tom's Cabin Troupe).—I hope there will be no indiscriminate shooting to-night on the part of the audience!

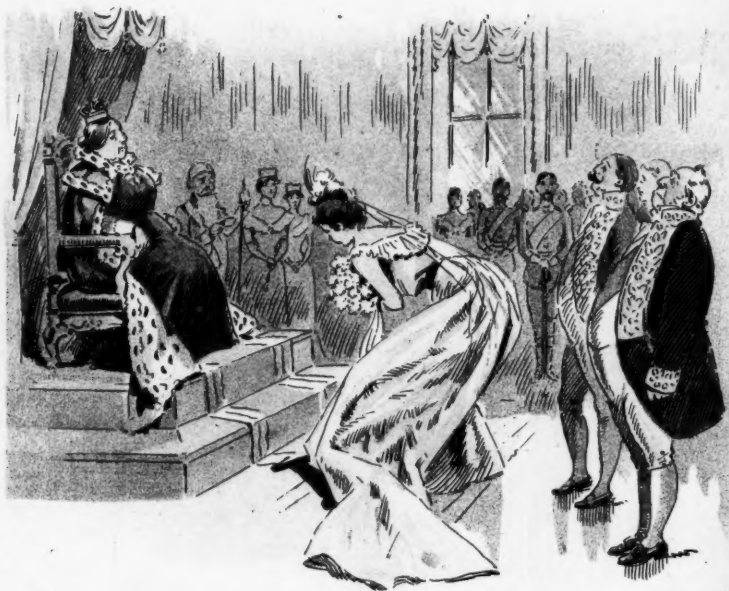
SHERIFF.—Not a bit of it! There's the most discriminating lot of dramatic critics this side of New York in Frozen Dog!



Coaching in the Highlands.



All Day on the



Kow-towing to Royalty.



The Will-o'-the-Wisp of Social Aspirations.



Displaying Gowns at the Summer Resort.

Shrhar

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PUCK.



All Day on the Golf-links.



Cruising in the Mediterranean.



Being "Sporty" at Monte Carlo.



What It Leads To.



E-LIFE AMONG THE "SMART SET."



HIS MISTAKE.

BREEZY BOOTH.—O Lord! I told dem folks I wuz jess back from Pago-Pago and llo-llo! Den de woman hit me, de man kicked me, de dog bit me, and de goat goated me!

SUNNY SHIVERS.—Heavens! De hull derved family must be anti-expansionists!

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

"I WONDER IF dot Peace Congress vill amound to anydings?" said Schwarzenkopf.

"I dunno," said Mulligan. "The newspaper rayports are intherestin' be raison av bein' so conthradictory. Wan day they tell us 't will be an enthoire failure an' the sad raysult 'll shpread gloom an' disapp'intment over the wur-ruld, though why it shud I dunno, for divil a man iver Oi seen or h'ard av thot iver ixpicted anything to come out av it. Thin, the next day, they 'll till us thot, owin' to the triminjus infloocene av the Anglo-Amer-rikin diligates, as they insist on callin' thim, the Congress is on the p'int av accomplishin' wondhers an' 'll be a boon an' a blessin' to sufferin' humanity. Judgin' be the rayports, the raysult is as doubtful as the State of Injianny in a close Prisidintial campaign; but, in me own opinion, 't is as unimpor-rtant as the electoral vote av Rhode Oisland."

"The attitude of the Kaiser on the question of arbitration," said I, "is certainly discouraging. I won't say just what I think of the Kaiser, as I would n't care to hurt Mr. Schwarzenkopf's feelings. I don't want to be as rude as my friend Mulligan is at times."

"Shpeak right oud," said Schwarzenkopf. "Nefer mind my feelings. I vos choost talking mit some friendts vot arrifed from der Vaterland last veek und if you can say anydings vorse about der Kaiser as dey did, I would like to hear it. I belief dem fellers shpent all dere time on der trip coming ofer committing high treason against His Machesty und dey hafe n't shtopped yet. I haf my own opinion of der Kaiser. I don't t'ink dot eferything he does is wrong. I gonsider him as a man vot has more or less prains, only he don't always use dem —"

"He 's a cross bechune, a jaynius an' a jack-ass," said Mulligan; "but what can ye ixpict from a cousin av the Prince of Wales?"

"He ought to be ashamed of the stand he took on arbitration," said I, ignoring Mulligan's fling.

"Bedad!" said Mulligan, "Oi niver h'ard thot the English was so much in favor av arbithration. 'T is little use they have for arbithration wid annybody they kin lick, — not thot they differ so much from the rist av the wur-ruld in thot rispict. 'T is thrue they 're arbithratin' wid Venezoola, but it 's a sad chapter in British histh'ry — the shtory av how they kem to do it. Oi 'll not wovnd yer feelin's be dwellin' on thot same, ixcipt to ray-moind ye thot if they had n't med up their moinds to arbithrate wit' Venezoola, 't is more than loikely thot long before now Dewey ud have had to blow up their Channel flate an' their Midither-ranean flate an' their Asiatic flate an' their Nor-rth Atlantic squadr-ron an' their South Atlantic squadr-ron an' sich other av their flates an' squadr-rons as moight not have been able to kape out av

his way. How cud he do it, says you? I dunno. Lave thot to Dewey. He 'd know.

"Arbithration, Misther Unionjack, — if you 'll koindly not intherrupt for a minute, — arbithration, in the prisint shtage av the wur-ruld's progress, is a drame. Ivirybody shpakes av it rispictfully an' belaves in it in the abshtract, but it has as little chanst av goin' into pr-ractical operation just now as iver it had at Donnybrook Fair. The wur-ruld, we 're tould, is manny millions av years old, but 't is entoirely too youthful an' fr-risky to shtop foightin' yet a bit.

"An' av ye 're talkin' about the Koyser intherfarin' wit' the labors av the Pace Congress, what have ye to say av the British Government thot rayfuse to shtop buildin' ships an' kapes on annixin' some barbarians an' killin' others wit' dummy-dum bullets, which, I belave, are the most divilish and barbarious invintions thot was iver — a — invinted?"

"Vell, apoud buildin' der ships," said Schwarzenkopf, "I could nod agree mit you, Mulligan, dot dere vos any grime in dot. If all dem fellers vent to der Hague choost ter findt oud if England vould bromise to shtop buildin' ships, dey mighd haf safed demselves der time und trouble und der traveling expenses. If dey vould haf come und asked me I could haf toldt dem she vould n't — und I don't bretend to be no shtatesman, at dot."

"And as for the dum-dum bullets, Mulligan," said I, "you know very well thot your great objection to them is that they are British bullets. If the French, for instance, had invnted them and were using them, you would n't have a word to say."

"Be thot as it may," said Mulligan, loftily; "all Oi have to say is thot wan av thim nations is as much to blame as another. There 'll niver be anny lastin' pace whoile England goes on buildin' ships an' annixin' savages."

"Undt holding on to Irelandt," suggested Schwarzenkopf.

"An' houldin' on to Oirelandt," assented Mulligan.

"Well," said I, "of course universal peace is n't practicable at present — nobody thinks it is; but if all delegates were animated by the proper spirit they might do something to ameliorate the evils of war."

"They moight," said Mulligan, "if, as you say, they wor annymated be the proper shpirit, but they 're not. They raymoind me, for all the wur-ruld av the mimbbers of our own Congress or the mimbbers av the Legis-lathur whin they 're discussin' somethin' thot don't raly intherest thim — somethin', for inshtance, thot 's nayther a job nor an appropri-ation. Wan or two av thim — cranks, mebbe, thot 's intherested more in public affairs than in their own — 'll talk an' argy an' the rist av thim 'll shpind their toime atfindin' to their own proivate business an' divil a wur-rud av the speeches will they let bother thim. An' whin the toime comes for a vote they 'll pass on the bill to a committay or to a thir-rd r'adin' or to the divil, as the case may be — it 's all wan to thim. An', mebbe, the bist thing thim diligates can do undher the cir-cumshstances wud be to give aich other lave to pr-rint an' adjour-rn an' go home."



HIS DEFINITION.

"My cousin from Iowa arrived yesterday. He never saw a watering-place before.

"How did it strike him?"

"He says it seems to be a place where some people bathe and others wear bathing-suits."

"— ! ——— ! ! ——— ! ! ! ——— ! ! !"

THE WAY OF THE GIRLS.

When I stole one kiss she cried, "Why, stop!"
So then I took a dozen or more;
And when I'd had full many a score
I paused, and she whispered low, "Why stop?" — *Princeton Tiger*.

WE waste too much time wondering how other people live.—*Washington Democrat*.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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PRICE \$40

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and realize how difficult it is to find any good cigars?

VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

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With this club the arms and chest can be developed in less than one-half the time required by chest weights, dumbbells or any other apparatus known.

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HARRY.—Jack, can you lend me five dollars?

JACK (a little deaf from force of habit).—Please say it again.

HARRY.—Can you please lend me ten dollars?

JACK.—Oh! why—er—I heard you the first time.—*Yale Record*.

EVERY time we meet a school-teacher, we find that we have always been pronouncing another word incorrectly.—*Atchison Globe*.

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BAND LEADER. You wants us to blay mit der funeral? Ees it a military funeral?

STRANGER.—No; it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.

BAND LEADER (proudly).—My pand, eh? Vy he shoose my pand?

STRANGER.—He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.—*New York Weekly*.

FAMILIAR EXCUSES.

"You were letting your horseless carriage run at an illegal rate of speed."

"Well, you see, Judge, it was the first time she had been out of the stable for a month, and that idiotic new hostler of mine gave her a double allowance of kerosene; and, besides this, I was trying to drive her without blinders, and—"

"Discharged. Next case." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE photographs hanging up in a woman's parlor are those of her relatives. Pictures of her husband's kin will be found in the spare bedroom.—*Atchison Globe*.

McLUBBERTY.—Git out av yure mother's way, Moikey! Don't be afther huggin' dhe stove ahl dhe toime. Sure, dhe weather is not cold!

LITTLE MIKE.—Oi 'm not heatin' dhe weather, sorr; oi 'm warmin' me hands.—*Harper's Bazar*.



HIS REASON:

WILLY.—I see you wear an American flag in your button-hole, deah boy?
GUSSIE.—Yes, old chap;—it's so deucedly English, doncherknow!

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, universally benefits old and young—digestion's helper, a health-bringer, take only Abbott's, the Original Angostura.

Lord Coleridge writes: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Wine. I tried it while here and find it superior."

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There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 50-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

Blue
Blue is the Dyspeptic
Blue is the Bottle
Rosy is the man after taking from the Blue bottle of
JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS.

LIMITATION.

HER GOWNS trail half a yard around
Dame Fashion's most devoted daughter.
Since 't is the style to sweep the ground,
She would not dare to wear them shorter.

And when in bathing-costume cool
She frolics in the surging water,
Her skirts are cut by the same rule —
She would not dare to wear them shorter!
E. R. P.

HIS AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

"Here," said one of two travelers who were whiling away the time in the waiting-room of a lonesome railway station, looking up from his newspaper, "is the account of an explorer who spent a night in a pit with a savage Numidian lion. Imagine, if you can, the horrors of such an experience!"

"I can," replied the other traveler, promptly, "for I was recently forced to pass a night in a double room in a village hotel with a life-insurance agent, who, realizing that all flesh is grass, was determined to make hay not only while the sun shone, but by moonlight, as well, and a loud-voiced man who had once had the pleasure of shaking hands with Admiral Dewey, and was unable to forget it."

NO NEED TO KEEP IT CLOSED.

"No, gentlemen," said the great political boss; "I have nothing to be ashamed of! I have tried to treat all the boys fairly, and my record throughout the campaign is an open book."

"Yes; we know that, Bill," said the spokesman of the ward committee, with odious familiarity; "but what we're a-kickin' about is that there ain't anything left of the book but the stubs."

ONE NOTABLE EXCEPTION.

"All the nations appear to have spheres of influence in China," remarked Mrs. Darley.

"Yes; all, except China," added Mr. Darley.

AN INCREASE ANTICIPATED.

SAMUEL STUBBLE.—Takin' in the circus, air ye? Ain't this a great ol' crowd? Never see the beat fer Basswood Corners! And all of 'em spendin' their money, too. There's a deal of business bein' done to-day.

ORRIN OATCAKE.—Yes, sir; I'm anxious to see the daily papers to-morrow, and see what the bank clearin's were fer the country to-day.

COLDLY CALCULATING.
They say he's worth a million cool.
We easily construe it
As meaning that he's made a rule
Of always freezing to it.



JUST AS EASY.

STRANGER (in Chicago).—The streets here seem to be very much alike!

CHICAGOAN.—Nonsense, man! The variety is infinite! Now, on that street you'll get sand-bagged; on that street you'll be brass-knuckled; one block down you'll get knock-out drops; and around the corner you'll be garroted. Why, a man can easily tell where he is in Chicago on the darkest nights!

Heat Debilitates
Hunter Whiskey
Invigorates



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Trousers cannot say, nor Buttons pull off. The Patent elastic cord makes Chester's the only reliable cord end suspenders. Faultless in style. Guaranteed for service. The "Endwell" model at 50 cts. The C. S. C. at 25 cts. Sample Pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Scarf Fastener free to purchasers who also send name of their furnisher who does not keep them.

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THE LANDLORD'S TALE OF WOE.



"YES," SAID the landlord, as he thoughtfully forgot to set them up, in his turn, "we do have funny experiences occasionally in the hotel business. Of course I don't refer to the rural guests who blow out the gas or want to know where the well is; that class of jokers we have always with us, as somebody said sometime about something or other.

"I was thinking more particularly about the inventors who make our lives one long dream of badly alloyed bliss with their ideas that are bound to make us all millionaires if we'll only give them the chance," he continued, sadly. "I remember one fellow who had a scheme for hanging the floors on pivots. He claimed that the majority of people were subject to seasickness, and by gently oscillating the floors for half an hour or so before meal times, you'd save enough on the food they could n't eat to pay for the improvement in a month, and be able to retire in a year. Then there are the patent fire-escape cranks who set the hotel on fire to demonstrate how their machines work, and the fire-extinguisher freaks who squirt acid all over the marble tiling showing you what it can do, and the elevator safety-catch fakirs who get stuck between floors, and you have to tear out the whole side of the building to rescue them.

"But the scheme I was going to tell you about," he said, brightening up as someone else called the waiter, "was advocated by a long-haired, cadaverous enthusiast, with a vocabulary like the newest dictionary. His was an invention to abolish waiters. He argued that if there were no waiters to tip, people would have more money to spend for cigars and liquor and legitimate things like them. I was young in the business then, and it seemed to me he was level-headed about that, so I told him to go ahead and install his plant, and if it worked all O. K. I'd buy it. It was a system of carriers a good deal like these cash railroads in stores, and all you had to do was to write your order on a card, hang it on a little hook, and in a minute along came your meal, and you lifted the dishes off the endless chain.

"Well, it worked like a charm for a few days. Then Mister Enthusiast got so elated that he celebrated his success until when he started to tend the engine at dinner time one day he had a wild and alcoholic idea that he'd show us what his system could do, and the carriers got going faster and faster as the meal progressed. A man would make a grab at his order of roast beef as it came sailing along, and like as not find he'd got a plate of ice cream up his sleeve. Then the centrifugal force got in its games, and the next thing we knew we were in the midst of a tornado of assorted grub. A potato would bat you in the eye, while a chunk of liver banged your ear, and a slice of beef flipped you across the nose; or may be you'd succeed in dodging the potato only to find that you'd ducked right into a shower of peas, while a stream of stewed tomatoes would attack you with sanguinary vehemence, just as a pork chop boomeranged you on the jaw; and all the time there was a steady rain of soup all over the place.

"Gentlemen, it was awful, positively awful, to see that first-class dinner wasted in so promiscuous a way and our chef's chef-d'œuvres chucked around like that. Besides, it cost me a small fortune to make good for the clothes and things spoiled, not counting the enthusiast, after I'd remonstrated with him."

Alex. Ricketts.

THESE ARE the days when the public eagerly scan the newspapers looking for the headline, "MARRIED IN AN AUTOMOBILE."

ART IN ADVERTISING.

PATENT MEDICINE PROPRIETOR.—I wish particularly to reach the lower classes with our liver pill.

ADVERTISING AGENT.—Then you should advertise it as the gentleman's liver pill.

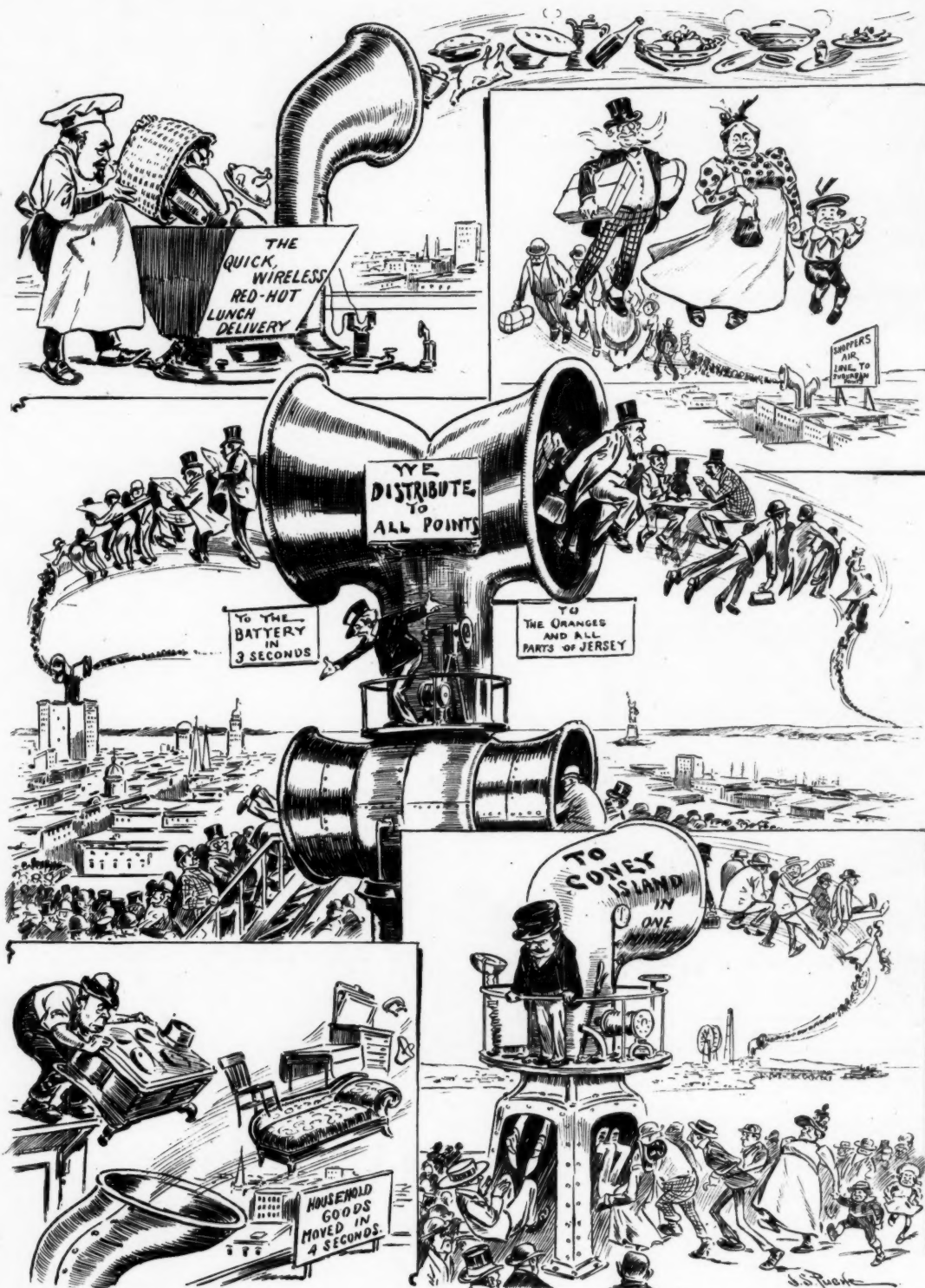
SPORTING HER PLEDGES.

DAISY GADSBY (at seaside hotel).—She must be somebody;—she brought nine trunks with her.

JACK SOMERS.—Oh! she may be the landlady of a cheap boarding-house, you know.

HIGH PEDIGRI.

A young man once said, "This ennui That I suffer will soon finish me; I should like to climb down To the 'boys of the town,' From the height of my family tree!"



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Send Ten Cents in stamps, just as soon as you can, for a trial box of this new pipe tobacco. You will enjoy the tobacco and you will like the curved box. It is a brand new idea for all "out-door" pipe smokers. It fits the pocket. "A slice to a pipeful."

Don't go away this summer without it.



This is the new curved box.

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This Tobacco satisfies experienced pipe smokers because it is real "pipe" tobacco, and is surprisingly acceptable to beginners because it is really mellow and "cool" when smoked.

You can know all about it in a few days, if you will send us ten cents in stamps, with your name and address, as we will send you a full size box by return mail, and with it we will send an interesting and very practical illustrated talk about pipe smoking that will help you get more solid comfort out of your pipe. Please ask your own dealer for it or address

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Pure Rye
IF YOU ARE WISE, BE CAREFUL WHERE WHEN WHAT YOU DRINK.
Whiskey.
ANGELO MYERS
THE DISTILLER PHILADELPHIA

AN Atchison girl who had four ministers "assist" at her wedding, is consulting a divorce lawyer. — *Atchison Globe*.

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THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS,
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JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

The real happy wife, so "they" tell us, And it's true, what "they" say, we suppose, Is the one whose poor husband is jealous Of all other men whom she knows.

— *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

VEHICULAR PERSIFLAGE.

"Is your new clerk an automobile or a perambulator?"

"I don't understand you."

"You're dull; an automobile is full of push and a perambulator has to be pushed." — *Detroit Free Press*.

Persons afflicted with dyspepsia, diarrhoea or colic, will find immediate relief and sure cure in *Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters*.

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To commemorate this anniversary the Society has published a handsomely illustrated sketch of its history. This book will be sent *free* to any one on request.

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"What you want when you want it"

Libby's Luncheons

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Veal Loaf Ox Tongue (whole)

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Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans.

Libby's Home-Baked Pork and Beans.

The kind which taste even better than those mother used to bake. Our Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat" yours for a postal. **Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.**

MANAGER.—So you want to join my company, eh?

ACTRESS.—Yes, sir.

MANAGER.—Have you got any recommendations?

ACTRESS.—Here are several clippings about my receiving boxes of poisoned bonbons. — *Norristown Herald*.



THE HYPHENATED AMERICAN.

UNCLE SAM. — Why should I let these freaks cast whole votes when they are only half Americans?

PICK